

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man  
 If his chiefe good and market of his time  
 Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more:  
 Sure he that made vs with such large discourse  
 Looking before and after, gaue vs not  
 That capability and God-like reason  
 To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be  
 Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple  
 Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,  
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,  
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know  
 Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,  
 With I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes  
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,  
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,  
 Whose spirit with diuine ambition pufte,  
 Makes mouthes at the inuisible euent,  
 Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer,  
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,  
 Euen for an Egge-shell, Rightly to be great;  
 As not to stirre without great argument,  
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw  
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then  
 That haue a father kild, a mother staine,  
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,  
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame  
 Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
 Which is not tombe enough and continent  
 To hide the flaine. O from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

*Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.*

*Quee.* I will not speake with her,

*Gsn.* She is importunat,

deed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

*Quee.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Quee.* What would she haue?

*Gent.* She speakes much of her father, sayes shee heares  
 There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,  
 Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt  
 That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,  
 Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue  
 The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,  
 And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,  
 Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,  
 Indeepe would make one thinke there might be thought  
 Though nothing sure, yet much vn Timer.

*Hor.* Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew  
 Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,  
 Let her come in

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Quee.* 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,  
 'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,  
 'So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,  
 'It spills it selfe, in feare to be spilt.

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmarke?

*Quee.* How now *Ophelia.*

*She sings.*

*Oph.* How should I your true loue know from another one,  
 By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

*Quee.* Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you, nay pray you marke,  
 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*  
 At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.

O ho,

*Quee.* Nay but *Ophelia.*

*Oph.* Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

*Enter King.*

*Quee.* Alasse looke heere my Lord.

*Oph.* Larded all with sweet flowers,  
 Which beweept to the ground did not goe, *Song.*  
 With true loue showers.

*King.* How doe you pretty Lady?

*Oph.* Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daugh-  
 ter, Lord wee know what wee are, but know not what we may be,  
 God be at your table